The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—Henry Clay.

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Western, " at 12.00 o'clock, noon.

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Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
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☞ The mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M. Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRESSON STATION.

West—Balt. Express leaves at		*9.17 A. M.
" Phila. Express	"	*10.07 A. M.
" Fast Line	"	9.58 P. M.
" Mail Train	"	8.38 P. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Ex.	"	8.13 A. M.
" Emigrant Train	"	4.30 P. M.
East—Phila. Express	"	8.50 P. M.
" Fast Line	"	1.43 A. M.
" Day Express	"	7.03 A. M.
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[*Don't stop.]

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SOCIETIES, &c.

A. Y. M.—Summit Lodge No. 312 A. Y. M. meets in Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the fourth Tuesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

I. O. O. F.—Highland Lodge No. 428 I. O. O. F. meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg, every Wednesday evening.

S. of T.—Highland Division No. 84 Sons of Temperance meets in Temperance Hall, Ebensburg, every Saturday evening.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

$2.50 IN ADVANCE, OR $3.00 AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

Impatience.

Our life is spent on little things,
In little cares our hearts are drowned;
We move with heavy laden wings,
In the same narrow round.

We waste on wars and petty strife,
And squander in a thousand ways,
The fire that should have been the life
And power of after days.

We toil to make an outward show,
And only now and then reveal
How far under the currents flow
Of all we think and feel.

Mining in caves of ancient lore,
Unweaving endless webs of thought,
We do what has been done before;
And so we came to naught.

The spirit longs for wider scope,
And room to let its fountains play,
Ere it has lost its love and hope—
Tamed down or worn away.

I wander by the cloister wall,
My fancy fretting to be free,
As, through the twilight, voices call
From mountains and from sea.

Forgive me, if I feel oppressed
By custom, lord and all of me;
My soul springs upward, seeking rest,
And cries for Liberty.

MRS. SMITH.

A NEW PHASE OF THE OLD STORY.

We have it on such high authority that "there is nothing new under the sun," that unless the subject was one on which I had thought a great deal, I should hesitate to own my conviction that the saying—it not utterly unfounded—is only to be interpreted in the most general way.—Indeed, it has been a melancholy satisfaction to me in very severe trial, to think that my own case is probably quite without a precedent; and though it was at first an additional thorn that none, even of my most sympathizing friends, ever listened to my story without smiling, yet now I can watch their polite attempt to keep their features straight with a grim satisfaction, for I read in every curve of the mouth an additional evidence that I have not grieved as men grieve commonly, and that my love, like others, in never running smooth, has at least chosen a new country, and led me along a rough road, which no one, perhaps, has ever explored before me.

My grandfather was an old fashioned country squire, whose first wife had died at the birth of her second child—my mother. In his old age he took it into his head to marry a second time; and my cousin—of whom I knew little more than that he had been put into the Guards as heir to the property, and used to snub me when he meets us boys—took upon himself to express so decided an opinion on the whole affair, that hardly a year afterwards a formal letter which I received in India, announcing my grandfather's death, went on to say that, in virtue of a will made immediately after an interview with his elder grandson, I was the owner of Surneaux Hall and all his property; subject only to a few trifling deductions, including a legacy of £100 for my cousin, and a jointure of £500 a year to his young widow of twenty-two. When the news reached me I was at one of the best pig-sticking stations in Bengal; and, as there was no immediate necessity for my return, I determined not to hurry, but enjoy as much as possible the change in my fortunes. The tiger-skin on which my feet are resting as I write, and the stuffed birds which stand on the top of the bookcase opposite me, are some of the trophies which remind me of the many pleasant days I spent in the next few months. I did not leave India for more than six months after I had received the news of the old squire's death, when I joined a friend from England on a hunting expedition to the Carpathians, which proved a failure, for we saw nothing larger than a stray deer, and were more than once nearly starved. I left him as soon as we got into inhabited regions again, and after journeying through Greece and Italy, stopping a week at one place and a month at another, found myself sitting one fine evening in October, 1858, in an easy chair on the balcony at the hotel Biron, Ville Neuve, looking out on the still waters of the lake Geneva. Five days in the Carpathians, with nothing but a measly pig for the whole party to eat, had been a sickener; and beneath the soft influences of the setting sun, and gentle breeze from the lake, I was getting very sentimental, and found myself painting charming pictures of peaceful domestic evenings in the old drawing-room at Surneaux, with a graceful wife on the opposite side of the fire, and model babies up stairs, and my old school friend with the poor girl he had been hopelessly engaged to for the last six years, in the snug rectory at the bottom of the park. There are, if what doctors tell us is true, certain conditions of the body which render a person more than usually liable to catch any infectious disorder which may be flying about; and no one can reasonably doubt that there are seasons in every man's life when he is even more hopelessly predisposed to fall in love on the slightest provocation. A general benevolence, and unwonted appreciation of the beauties of nature, are probably two of the earliest symtoms of the state, and I can now see that my perfect enjoyment as I watched the changing colors on the mountains, as the sun set that evening, and the unusual anxiety I felt for the happiness and welfare of the world at large, would, had I been wise, have been enough to warn me that my frame of mind was very dangerous. I remember everything that night now, as if it was only yesterday; the very order in which the stars came out, as the darkness closed in. The blazing comet curving almost from the Alps on the left, to the distant mountains on the other side of the lake, and the perfect reflections in the still black water below. If I shut my eyes, I can still see it all just as it was then. I got up and wandered down to the pier, and as I leaned over the railing, the third symptom, a longing melancholy, began to creep over me. It was a heavenly night. Presently the quiet reflection of the comet broke up, and spread into two dancing lines of light, as the red and green lamp of a steamer came in sight, and soon the vessel splashing up woke me from my reverie.

There were not so many passengers late in the season. Three tourists in dirty coats with the regulation knapsacks and alpenstocks, a dozen working men carrying their own atmosphere of garlic with them, a few poor women, and a sprightly French maid, in bustling anxiety for a pile of boxes, and last, her slight young English mistress, in black. One might as well try to paint the scent of a violet as to convey in words and notion of the charms of the sweet face I gazed into, as she stepped out of the boat. Comet, lake, mountains, all were forgotten in an instant in the presence of her higher beauty; and I slept that night—if sleep it were—with the "thank you," which rewarded me as I stooped to pick up her shawl, still sounding in my ears, and every nerve fluttering from the contact with her small hand.

It would be sacrilegious to tell all the incidents of the next few days. We met and talked at the table d'hote. She was going to Old Chillon; I had been there twice, but could not leave without another visit. She was curious to explore the salt mines at Bex; but could not go alone. Acquaintances formed under such circumstances soon ripen into friendships; and friendships soon grow into something more. She was a young widow (Mrs. Smith was her name;) that was all I knew, or cared to know; but long before I left the dear hotel, there was no concealing it, I was over head and ears in love. But what of that? I was twenty-five (a year at least older than she,) the owner of a fine estate; and with all my diffidence felt sure that my presence and attentions were not unpleasant to her.

Never was lover more happy than I, as I said "Good-by!" and started off to meet a friend on business in Paris, with a warm invitation to call on her in Rue——, where she hoped to arrive very soon after me, on her way home.

* * * * * *

Madame was fatigued with the journey, and was lying down, I learned from Suzette when the tedious days were over, and the time had come for me to know my fate. The absence had decided me, and my mind was quite made up, that life without her would be worthless.

"Would monsieur sit down on the sofa, and madame should know who had called," said the little woman, as she frisked out of the room, with an arch look over her shoulder, which made me feel hot.

The door opened, and she came softly in. I jumped and kicked my hat over, blushed, and felt my hand get hot and damp as I held it out.

"Oh Mr. Jones! it is very good of you to call. I thought you would have been sure to have gone to England, or forgotten all about us. Sit down here and let me tell you all about those horrid railway people."

I sympathized with her, and wished I had been there, of course, as I listened to the story of a trunk which was near being put on the wrong train; and as the conversation flagged, felt my forehead getting hotter still. (Paris was so close!) I think she guessed why I twiddled my hat and brushed it the wrong way for she looked shy too, but more beautiful than ever. It was getting painful; I twiddled my hat harder than ever. I don't believe I should ever have spoken another word but she recovered her presence of mind first and began again.

"Oh! you must let me show you my photographs; they are so lovely; I got them in Geneva. Here is the dear old Dent du Midi. There is one somewhere of the funny old convent we went together to see on the other side of the Rhone, on your last day.

You remember my slipping as we clambered up on to the marble rock behind the garden, to peep at the nuns? You don't know how bad my ankle was afterwards. I did not get out at all the day you went, and could not even come down to dinner. It is so horrid and lonely being laid up in an inn, with no one to care for you. I did get so low-spirited. I did not know a bit how lame I was, till I tried to go up stairs again after you had gone."

I turned over the photographs, and stared blindly at them the wrong way upwards, as she passed. It must come sooner or later, I thought. She dropped her eyes, and looked frightened, as I got up, and blurted out, "Perhaps we may never see another again."

Her breath came quickly, and she looked up timidly and smiled. I was reckless now, and ran on.

"I can't go to England without telling you what I—I—I * * * No, no! don't say anything yet." I never told you—I could not all that happy time—that I was on my way home to take possession of my place in Shropshire. I want—I—I"

I could not say another word: all my courage was gone, and I stood there more sheepish than ever. She had come to the rescue again, and, looking up with her big eyes, said—

"You come from Shropshire? How extraordinary that I should never have found that out before! I'm Shropshire, too. I wonder whether you are anywhere near my dear old home, Surneaux?"

* * * * * *

"Oh dear, oh dear! what is the matter? Are you ill? Shall I ring? Oh, do speak! Don't look so!—for my sake. Oh!"

* * * * * *

What was the matter? Only my chest had been bulged in, and driven up into my mouth—that was all. What was the matter?

Her dear old home Surneaux! Good heavens! Yes, my mothers name!—my grandfather's—was Smith!

Her dear old home Surneaux! Then by angel was the old man's baby wife I had heard so much of!

Her dear old home Surneaux! Good heavens! And a man may not marry his grandmother!

We were both calmer soon, and I said, "Let me kiss you, grandmama."

I doubt whether grandmother was ever more touched at a grandson's affection than she was as I threw my arms round her; and (must it be told?) cried like a baby. It was not manly, I dare say; but no one saw it but she and Suzette, who came in without knocking, and was going to throw a jug of water over us; but I saw her in time.

My old friend has the rectory at the bottom of the park, and I go there every day; for it does me good to see his rosy wife, and romp with his little girl.

There is no nursery at Surneaux.

I am a deputy-lieutenant, and a man of note in the country; but the chair opposite mine in the drawing-room is never used except when grandmama is with me.

She often comes; but we never speak of the happy days in Switzerland, and neither of us has been there since.

[P. S.—Since writing this, grandmama has come down with her younger sister. She is very agreeable; and, barring the weeds, reminds me much of what G. M. was when we first met.]—*London Society.*

A Funny Oil Speculation.—A decidedly funny oil transaction occurred in Erie a few days since, Mr. Jacob Althoff, of the Althoff well, discovered that his cellar was partly filled with oil. He always thought his land was good oil territory, but never supposed it was so near the surface. However, Jacob was a practical man, and without speculating much as to whether the oil oozed through the earth, or whether a veritable oil spring had broken loose in the cellar, he set to work pumping out. Thirty-two barrels of good quality of oil was thus secured.—David Kennedy & Co., have a large oil refinery just across the road from Althoff's and also an immense underground tank, holding some eight hundred barrels. Althoff showed them the oil, and they purchased the thirty-two barrels at about six dollars a barrel—a reasonable price—and thought they made a good little "spec." They contracted for all Jacob's cellar oil at the same rate. The latter waited patiently for more to collect. Meanwhile, Kennedy & Co., had occasion to examine their underground tank. Near the top was found a crevice, and they smelt something beside oil. They soon found that when their tank was filled up to this crevice the oil found its way out and penetrated into their neighbor's cellar. They had not only lost considerable of their oil, but had bought back thirty-two barrels of it at over six dollars per barrel! and had contracted to keep on doing so! The leak was stopped instanter, and Althoff's cellar is not so valuable as it was. Mr. A. threatens to send in a bill for damage done to his cellar by flooding it with petroleum. The money so far received he of course retains.

☞ A loquacious gentleman on finding himself a passenger in a stage coach with a prim and taciturn maiden lady of some forty winters, endeavored in vain to engage in conversation. At length night came; as nothing was said, both fell asleep. The stage finally stopped, and the driver announced to the lady that she had arrived at her place of destination. Her fellow passenger being awakened at the same time, thought that he would exchange a word at leaving, and addressed her:—"Madam, as we shall never again, probably, sleep together, I bid you a very respectful farewell." A scream, and silence reigned again.

A Russian Wolf Hunt.

A SKETCH BY DUMAS.

Wolf hunting and bear hunting are the favorite pleasures of the Russians. Wolves are hunted in this way in the winter, when the wolves being hungry are ferocious. Three or four hunt-men, each armed with a double barreled gun, get into a troika, which is any sort of a carriage, drawn by three horses—its name being derived from its team, and not from its form. The middle horse trots always; the left hand and right hand horses must always gallop. The middle horse trots with his head hanging down, and he is called the Snow Eater. The two others have only the one rein, and they are fastened to the polls by the middle of the body, and gallop with their heads free—they are called the Furious. The troika is driven by a sure coachman, if there is such a thing in the world as a sure coachman. A pig is tied to the rear of the vehicle by a rope or a chain (for greater security) some twelve yards long. The pig is kept in the vehicle until the huntsmen reach the forest where the hunt is to take place, when he is taken out and the horses started. The pig, not being accustomed to this gait, squeals, and his squeals soon degenerate into lamentations. His cries bring out one wolf, who gives the pig chase; then two wolves, then three, then ten, then fifty wolves—all posting as hard as they can after the poor pig, fighting among themselves for the best places, snapping and striking at the poor pig at every opportunity who squeals with despair. These squeals arouse all the wolves in the forest within a circuit of three miles, and the troika is followed by an immense flock of wolves. The horses have an instinctive horror of wolves, and go almost crazy; they run as fast as they can go.

The huntsmen fire as fast as they can load—there is no necessity to take any aim. The pig squeals—the horses neigh—the wolves howl—the guns rattle; it is a concert to make Mephistopheles jealous. As long as the driver commands his horses, fast as they may be running away, there is no danger. But if he ceases to be master of them; it they balk, if the troika is upset, there is no hope. The next day, or the day after, or a week afterwards, nothing will remain of the party but the wreck of the troika, the barrels of the guns, and the larger bones of the horses, huntsmen and driver.

Last winter Prince Repnine went on one of these hunts and it came very near being his last hunt. He was on a visit with two of his friends to one of his estates near the steppe, and they determined to go on a wolf hunt. They prepared a large sleigh in which three persons could move at ease, three vigorous horses were put into it, and they selected for a driver a man born in the country and thoroughly experienced in the sport. Every huntsman had a pair of double-barrelled guns and a hundred and fifty ball cartridges It was night when they reached the steppe that is, an immense prairie covered with snow. The moon was full, and shone brilliantly; its beams refracted by the snow, gave a light scarcely inferior to daylight.

The pig was put out of the sleigh, and the horses whipped up. As soon as the pig felt that he was dragged, he began to squeal. A wolf or two appeared, but they were timid and kept a long way off. Their numbers gradually increased, and as their numbers augmented they became bolder. There were about twenty wolves when they came within gun range of the troika. One of the party fired; a wolf fell. The flock became alarmed, and half fled away. Seven or eight hungry wolves remained behind to devour their dead companion. The gaps were soon filled. On every side howl answered howl, on every side sharp noses and brilliant eyes were seen peering. The guns rattled volley after volley, but the flock of wolves increased instead of diminishing, and soon it was not a flock, but a vast herd of wolves in thick serried columns, which gave chase to the sleigh.

The wolves bounded forward so rapidly they seemed to fly over the snow, and so lightly not a sound was heard; their numbers continued to increase and increase: they seemed to be a silent tide drawing nearer and nearer, and which the guns of the party, rapidly as they were discharged, had no effect on. The wolves formed a vast crescent, whose horns began to encompass the horses. Their numbers increased so rapidly they seemed to spring out of the ground. There was something weird in their appearance, for where could three thousand wolves come from in such a desert of snow? The party had taken the pig into the sleigh; his squeals increased the wolves boldness. The party continued to fire, but they had now used about half their ammunition, and had two hundred cartridges left, while they were surrounded by three thousand wolves. The two horns of the crescent became nearer and nearer, and threatened to envelope the party.

If one of the horses should have given out, the fate of the whole party was sealed. "What do you think of this, Ivan?" said Prince Repnine, speaking to the driver. "I had rather be at home prince." "Are you afraid of any evil consequences?" "The devils have tasted blood, and the more you fire the more wolves you'll have." "What do you think is the best to be done?" "Make the horses go faster." "Are you sure of the horses?" "Yes, prince." "Are you sure of safety?" The driver made no reply. He quickened the horses, and turned their heads towards home. The horses flew faster than ever. The driver excited them to increased speed by a sharp whistle, and made them describe a curve which intersected one of the horns of the crescent. The wolves opened their ranks and let the horses pass.

The prince raised his gun to his shoulder. "For God's sake, don't fire!" exclaimed the driver; "we are dead men if you do!" He obeyed Ivan. The wolves astonished by this unexpected act remained motionless for a minute. During this minute the troika was a verst to them. When the wolves started again after it, it was too late, they could not overtake it. A quarter of an hour afterwards they were in sight of home. Prince Repnine thinks his horses ran at least six miles in these fifteen minutes. He rode over the steppe the next day, and found the bones of two hundred wolves.

Proceed with Thy Elephant.

In Columbiana county (Ohio) resides an old fellow renowned for his belligerent disposition, who is generally known as Friend Shavey. Born and bred a Quaker, he was long since read out of meeting on account of his quarrelsome propensities, but still pertinaciously clings to the plain clothes and plain language of his early days, possibly as a protection against the wrath which he is continually provoking by his overbearing and irritating demeanor. He is always the owner of the crossest dog in the neighborhood, the most troublesome, breechy steers, &c, and is continually in hot water with some of his neighbors in consequence of the depredations committed by his unruly live stock. A few weeks since, Van Amburgh's Menagerie, traveling through Columbiana, was obliged to pass his residence. A little before daylight, Nash, the keeper of the elephant Tippoo Saib, as he was passing over the road with his elephant discovered this pseudo Quaker seated upon a fence upon the road-side, watching a bull which he had turned out upon the road, and which was pawing, bellowing and throwing up a tremendous dust generally. In fact from the fury of the animal's demonstrations, one would readily have taken him for one of the identical breed that butted the locomotive off a bridge.

"Take that bull out of the way, shouted Nash, as he approached.

"Proceed with thy elephant," was the reply.

"If you don't take that bull away he will get hurt," continued Nash, approaching, while the bull redoubled his belligerent demonstrations.

"Don't trouble thyself about the bull, but proceed with thy elephant," retorted Friend Shavey, rubbing his hands with delight at the prospect of an approaching scrimmage, the old fellow having great confidence in the invincibility of his bull, which was really the terror of the whole country around.

Tippoo Saib came on with his uncouth, shambling gait; the bull lowered his head and made a charge directly upon the elephant. Old Tippoo, without even pausing in his march, gave his cow-catcher a sweep, catching the bull on the side crushing in his ribs with his enormous tusks, and then raised him almost thirty feet in the air, the bull striking upon his head as he came down, breaking his neck and killing him instantly.

"I'm afraid your bull has bent his neck a little," shouted Nash as he passed on.

"Bent the devil," cried old Shavey, with a troubled look at his defunct bull, "Thy elephant is too hefty for my beast, but thee will not make so much out of the operation as thee supposes. I was going to take my family to thy show, but I'll see thee and thy show blowed to blazes before I go one step, and thee may proceed with thy elephant and be d——d,—please; the "please" being added as Shavey took a second look at the proportion of the stalwart elephant keeper.

☞ A young lady of New Bedford was intimately acquainted in a family in which there was a sweet bright little boy of some five years between whom and herself there sprang up a very tender friendship. One day she said to him—

"Willie, do you love me?"

"Yes, indeed!" he replied, with a clinging kiss.

"How much?"

"Why, I love you—I love you—up to the sky,"

Just then his eye fell on his mother. Flinging his arms about her and kissing her passionately said—

"But, mamma, I love you way up to God!"

☞ "Come till America, Pat," writes a son of the Emerald Isle to his friend in Ireland, "'tis a fine country to get a living in. All ye have to do is to get a three-cornered box and fill it with brick, and carry it to the top of a four-story building, and the man at the top does all the work."